THE

NEW STAR.

A REPUBLICAN, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY PAPER.

BY RUSSEL & DAVIS, CONCORD, NEWH.

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Miscellany.

Messrs. EDITORS,

I did never promise to furnish you with New compositions: But if you have communications of more weight, you may have my aid in the line of extractor.—If I do not supply you weekly, you shall at least hear from me occasionally. Yours,

THE FRIEND.

From the FRIEND.

For the NEW STAR.

HATRED REPROVED, *and LOVE of our FELLOW CREATURES* RECOMMENDED.

CONSIDER whether the persons you hate, are good or not. If they are good and pious, your hatred has a double guilt in it, since you are bound to love them both as men and christians. Will you hate those whom God loves? Will you hate those who have the image of Christ, and in whom the Spirit of God inhabits? If they have any blameable qualities in them, let your CHARITY cover those faults and follies: let your thoughts rather dwell upon their virtues, and their sacred relation to God. This will have a happy influence to turn your hatred into love. Think of them as members of Christ, and you cannot hate them, if you are of that blessed body.

If they are persons who neglect religion, and have not the fear of God, yet they may have some good qualities in them, some moral or social virtues, or some natural excellencies which may merit your esteem, and invite your love: at least these agreeable qualities may diminish your aversion, and abate your hatred. I confess it is the nature of malice and envy, to overlook all that is good and amiable in a person, and to remark only what is evil and hateful: but this is not the spirit and temper of a christian, nor of Jesus Christ our master.—There was a young man who loved his riches so well, that he refused to become a disciple; yet our blessed Lord saw some good qualities in him; *he looked upon him, and loved him.* Mark 10. 21.

But if the persons whom you hate have nothing good in them that you can find, then they ought to be pitied rather than to be hated; they are not worthy of your envy, nor do they need the punishment of your malice in this world, who expose themselves to

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the wrath and vengeance of God in the world to come.

Will you say, they are so impious before God, and so injurious to men, that they deserve to be hated? But consider, if you were but punished in every respect as you deserve, both for your offences against God and man, what would become of you? Pity them, therefore, as you hope for pity. Imitate the goodness of *your heavenly Father, who maketh his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, on the just and on the unjust.*——This is the rule of Christ. AMEN.

FROM THE *FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

Common Sense, in Dishabille.

No. XI.

HE CUTS A DASH.

MR. SHOWOUT must have a fine house, the largest in town; it is raised three story high, covered and painted. People view it as they pass: those who only look upon the out side of things, suppose there must be a world of riches within; others think the inside is the residence of poverty. They think right. A tea table, a set of broken chins, a few half starved children, a looking glass, a wife, whom nothing but tea, cards, sleep, and visiting can separate from it, and an empty purse, are the principal furniture. Showout's house stands on a sandy foundation; more than half on the Cr. side of his books. His neighbour Chalkline, the industrious carpenter, who built it, has a mortgage upon it. Mr. Showout begins to shudder at the thoughts of the goal, and wishes he had counted the cost before he began to cut a dash.

Bill Upstart drew a thousand dollars in a lottery. He might have bought a snug farm with the money, and lived happy all his days; but he must cut a dash. A full purse of dollars has made his hands tender; he cannot bear to callous them with the axe helve, or soil them at the plough; so he lies in clover, soaked with milk, to make them white & delicate; sucks his pillow until the sun has left the east window, and begins to look in at the south. Then he starts up, takes his glass of bitters, counts his money, and builds castles in the air until 9 o'clock; sips his tea, puts on his holy day clothes, mounts his new pur-

chased

chaſed horſe, and rides off, full ſpeed in ſearch of adventures. He does not, like Don Quixote, engage a windmill; but he finds a worſe mill in his way—Yet, ye high, low, jacks, ye have often been ground in it. It is called the *ſhaving mill*. One might ſuppoſe the very Devil ſet it up, and took the whole griſt, cuſtomers, and all for his toll. Here poor Bill is thoroughly ground.—The loſs of twenty dollars, and his watch, is not all.—He ſips, and ſips, and takes the other ſip, until his ſtrongeſt oaths can ſcarcely flagger out of his mouth, and with all his fine clothes, at laſt cuts a dash under the table.

Bill is not the only lad who cuts a dash at the tavern. There you may ſometimes ſee your brim full Patriot, teeming with whiſky, liberty and equality, drinking Adet's health, and railing at the Preſident, ſmiling at the Guillotine, and ſhaking his fiſt at the Federal Laws.—This is the way modern Patriots cut a dash.

Many a lad, who cuts a dash, if he ſhould ever read it, will not apply it to his own caſe.

MATRIMONIAL.

Meſſrs. PAINTERS,

I HAVE long been perplexed in my mind and unable to ſatisfy myſelf upon the following queſtion, viz. Why it is ſuch a difficult undertaking for a young Man to get a Wife?

All my ingenuity has been exerciſed on this queſtion—have almoſt turned my brain topſy turvy in the reſearch, and all to no purpoſe.—If any of your correſpondents will be good enough to ſolve my doubts and remove my difficulties, I ſhall feel peculiarly grateful for ſo great a favor. I have frequently been aſtoniſhed to hear people ſay—A man of merit may always be ſure of a good wife; and I have ſometimes had a mind to be angry, for it ſeems to be pretty plainly calling my merit in queſtion. I have arrived at the formidable age of 35; and I am certain no man ever exerted himſelf more faithfully, or wiſhed more ſincerely to get married than myſelf. In order that paſt errors may be corrected, and ſome different mode of conduct pointed out for my future practice, it may not be amiſs to ſhew ſome of the ſteps I have taken towards the accompliſhment of my main deſign. When I was a boy there was no ſuch thing as an Academy, ſo I was ſent to the Rev. ———, to be inſtructed in the rudiments of grammar, arithmetic and ſurveying, and made ſome progreſs in geography.—His eldeſt child was a daughter of an amiable diſpoſition, who, under the cultivation of her father, had acquired a taſte for reading, and was in fact

at that day, considered an accomplished girl, and was nearly of my age. With her I contracted an intimacy, and as my friendship grew more and more refined, I had the satisfaction to believe our affection mutually increasing.

In consequence of the smattering of knowledge gained with my Rev. instructor, I had contracted a dislike to the rude employments upon my father's farm. My inclinations prompted to a mercantile pursuit—and my father, perhaps too indulgent, was willing to gratify me. A wholesale merchant was applied to, for I was above going behind the counter. During a short interval in which my father was occupied in procuring me a place, I engaged in keeping a small school in the neighborhood, and at the same time was unremitting in my attention to the Parson's daughter.—In the spring I commenced my new employment with a merchant of reputation—about the same time a young smart who had lived long enough with a physician to be cured of a wound in his foot, came into town—dress in the tip top of the fashion—rode a handsome horse, and called himself Doctor.—The young Dr. was successful—indeed it could not be otherwise, the ladies old and young declared in his favor.—The girls all gave him the appellation of charming fellow.—He soon made his bow to the Parson's daughter, who was not insensible of his high accomplishments, and in a very short time, it was reported to be a settled matter.—It would be in vain to attempt a description of my feelings upon the occasion. My philosophy however overcame my chagrin, and I now began to think of marrying a young woman from Boston who was visiting an uncle in the place where I lived. She was said to be a fortune, and it occurred to me that her money would be a clever thing to set me out in trade, and at the same time I should not be ashamed of my wife in neither town nor country. She seemed to favor my schemes—all my evenings were spent in walking or conversing with her. But, just four weeks after her return to Boston, she was married to Capt. —.

—— the girls, said I in a passion. My determination then was to be no longer duped by them. I soon grew unhappy, and began to think a bad promise better broken than kept—so mustered up courage and went a courting again—and with much the same success—Thus full in the faith that a faint heart never wins a fair lady, I have been repeating the experiment 20 years and find myself exactly where I sat out, excepting pretty large deductions for increase of years, and the diminution of animal spirits—yet I am determined, if any good friend will lend his assistance whereby I can promise myself success, his directions shall be most religiously observed by his unfortunate and distressed humble servt.

JEREMY SQUARETOES.

THE *CLERGYMAN.*

ALTHO' I am not by profession an Apostle and Bishop of Christ, I hope there will not be denied to me, the satisfaction of feeling interested in the success of the

the great Evangelical errand. The office of Clergyman involves duties private, and duties public; on some of these last I propose to hazard a few remarks.

The Rev. Clergyman complains that the people of his charge are too apt, on the Sabbath, to absent themselves from public worship; and, of the few who attend, too many are inattentive, and some asleep.

The layman says, "our parson gives us nothing new, he travels on the same dull round, he detains us too long;" so that in the place of worship, instead of being animated with the ardor of devotion, we are accustomed to be tired, and wish ourselves away.

The preacher, and the hearer, each wrapped up in his own excuses, thinks the other alone in fault. To complain, is easy, to discover the cause of the mischief is more difficult.

When ministers preached by hour-glasses, long prayers, and long sermons were expected. But now the taste is different, and short sermons and short prayers, only, will be heard. Which taste is preferable, I will not say; I cannot, however, forget that, in holy writ, it is hinted, that "no man is heard for his much speaking."

Should St. Paul, at this day, come among us, preaching—upon observation of this disposition, what would he say? "If you cannot bear strong meat, I will feed you with milk—with short sermons, instead of long; for I am become all things to all men if, by any means, I may save some."

The greatest part of a preacher's audience is composed, generally, of young people; these have not patience to hear long discourses, especially on grave and distant subjects.—Their minds, however, are tender, their habits scarcely formed, their dispositions easily improved, and made better. If they be virtuous youth, they will, when advanced in age, be found, generally, in the way of their duty. On these, the faithful preacher, keeps a most vigilant eye; and by engaging their attention, sends home to their hearts, his pathetic and animated exhortations.

After an audience is fatigued, whether placed around the pulpit, or around the bar, the orator has lost the happy moment of closing his harangue with elegance and success.

Desire of novelty is a principle, or passion, in our nature, of which the skilful orator never forgets to avail himself. There is scarcely a newspaper, or a novel, which we are not persuaded to read once; and yet, it is difficult to name a book of ever so much value, which the bulk of mankind can have patience to read twice. A play or a public exhibition, after it has been seen once, has lost the power of pleasing. When an orator begins to repeat what he has already once said, how suddenly will an audience, without seeming to know why, begin to yawn, and give, involuntarily, tokens of uneasiness at hearing any thing further.

To attract to the preacher the attention of his audience, is the first object of the orator, but to announce to his hearers the same subject, is the direct method to re-

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fute it. To name in the afternoon the text which preceding the morning discourse, is to expel from us all expectation of novelty, and, to place around us, the melancholy prospect of hearing the same thing, over and over again. After the worthy parson has travelled over, alone, the heads of his morning discourse; he has, upon looking around, the mortification, to find generally, that his hearers have fallen asleep by the way.

The bible is a magazine of rich subjects fitted to every person, event and circumstance of life. To this, the orator may always have access, wherever he wishes to attack, and carry either our reason, or our passions. Altho' in one text, there may be involved, many doctrines; yet, to set them all out under the same text, is neither necessary or expedient. Omitting all other doctrines, let the principal ones be chosen only, and no more than can be fully discussed in half an hour.

A HEARER.

[Communicated for the * STAR,]

MEDITATIONS *of* CASSEM *son of* HAMID.

[*Extracted from the life of C——m.*]

"WHILE I was losing myself in inquiries into the mysteries of nature, I saw a man seated at the head of a mountain, who looked down upon me, and with a voice full of majesty called me to him. Cassem (said he) draw near—be attentive to what I utter.—Cease to perplex thy mind with the unsearchable mysteries of our world—know thus much; I am a Genius, my name is Secret, the place of my abode is remote and hidden—joy dwells there, & darkness intercepts the sight of it—silence shall cover, death shall lay upon the gates of it. Assure thyself thou son of Hamid, that the unembodied souls among us are perfectly holy and happy, far beyond thy glimmering conception. What avails it thee to know how they converse, what they see, where they dwell? Cease thy curiosity, and calm thy mind.—Wouldst thou know what we do there, and be acquainted with our enjoyments? Love thy Maker, converse with thy own heart, and delight in doing good. For the time hasteth in which we shall receive our bodies—for the dust shall be quickened, and the souls be reunited—that which now lies in the grave, stiff and pale, hastening to clay and ashes, shall revive and brighten, shall fly away, beauteous as the morning, vigorous as the light, unfading and immortal. Make no inquiry how this shall be, but go to the looms of Persia, and they shall instruct thee. Dost thou not observe the little shining worm that spins thy garments? Lo! he sets thee an example, and inspires thy hopes—he glorifies his Maker. He winds his silken net for the good of others, and retires inwards—having done his work, he dies—being dead he rises again—You have often seen that useful insect expire, and his skin wither and dry away, and yet even that dry skin become a prolific egg, and new life spring in that little move-

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ment of death. You have beheld the dead silkworm revive into a butterfly, the most beautiful and curious of all that splendid race of insects.

Thus, O CASSIUS, shall the bodies of good men be raised, thus shall they shine, and thus fly away. Cease then thy inquiries—learn to live, and long to die—prepare for our world, and get your work done quickly."

THE *RIVULET.*

Messrs. RUSSEL & DAVIS,

FOR THE *RIVULET*,

I extract you the following lines,

ON SYMPATHY.

THERE *is no pleasure so refin'd,*
(There's none that flows so free)
As the sweet pang that rends the mind
OF SENSIBILITY.

It lulls the passions, makes them calm,
And tho' the heart is racky
Turns itself a sweeter balm
For all the wounds it makes.

Let fools boast a callous soul,
Unaught but to sympathize.
Let them the pitying tear control,
And treasure up advice.

Come, ye gods, this boon bestow,
To me this gift impart;
The soul that feels for others' woe,
The sympathetic heart.

While cruels retire from the distrest,
Be this to me assign'd,
To kindly heal the wounded breast,
And soothe the virtuous mind.

My soften'd soul shall ne'er complain,
Tho' anguish rack and tear;
I love to suffer the piercing pain,
To nurse it into care.
Then let the pangs be sharp and keen,
And penetrate my heart,
Since sweet sensations intervene
And mitigate the smart.

LUCINDA.

BANQUET of COMUS.

A FRENCH gentleman, totally unacquainted with our language, being introduced to a circle of young ladies and gentlemen in a country town, after the usual compliments had passed, he seated himself beside a beautiful young lady—and, being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her, his countenance however, expressed the sentiments of his heart, he seizing her by the hand, she requested him *to desist*; which he mistook for the French word, *baiser* (kiss me) began kissing her, to the great mirth of the whole company. The consequence however was, that the ladies came to an unanimous determination never to say, "*Desist*," to a Frenchman.

A YOUNG Gentleman, very conceited and vain of himself, but who, by the bye, was rather disagreeable, with a face much pitted with the small pox, was not long since addressed by a drunken man, after admiring him some time, to this effect—"Indeed, Sir, when *curved sword* comes in fashion, you will be the handsomest man I ever saw."

CONCORD.

CONCORD, SEPT. 19.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday last was the anniversary meeting of CONCORD MUSICAL SOCIETY—at 11 o'clock, the Members of the Society met at the Town-House; and at three o'clock they moved in procession to the Meeting-House, preceded by a number of musical performers belonging to the Society, playing on instruments, and accompanied by a numerous crowd of Spectators belonging to this and the adjacent towns. The Rev. Mr. PARKER, of Canterbury, introduced the exercises of the day, by a most ingenious, excellent & sublime prayer, perfectly adapted to the occasion, addressed to the throne of the Great Author of "Harmony Divine"—Several pieces of music, vocal and instrumental, were performed—A really classical Oration on Music, neat in composition, ingenious in design, was delivered by PHILIP CARRIGAIN, Jr. A. M. In which he gave a brief but enlightening view of Music in general, from the earliest ages to the present day; stated the general principles of the nature of the art; delightfully describing its pleasing captivating charms; tracing its astonishing and beneficial influence over the mind, and its various socializing effects upon the heart of man, both in his natively ferocious and more civilized state—justly ascribing to the powers and influence of music, not a little of the glory of the triumphs of our veteran armies over the minions of tyrants, in our late contest for liberty with Greatbritain, in which Americans were made Freemen, and led to glory and honor by a WASHINGTON—& attributing to it much of the unprecedented courage and bravery of the numerous legions of BUONAPARTE, whom he has conducted to immortal fame, rendered invulnerable by the extatic inspirations of this heavenly science, every nerve beating time to the music of "*Marseilles Hymn*," and other popular songs.—In the style and delivery of this Oration, we observed with pleasure, those traits of genius, and gesticulations characteristic of the refined orator, which truly deserve and must ever command respect; and which gained Mr. CARRIGAIN the liveliest testimonials of public applause from a most brilliant, respectable and very numerous and learned audience.—He closed with a moral apostrophe, addressed to the auditory, in which, (after a neat comparison of the human frame to a musical instrument) he enchantingly invited all, so to attune their hearts and lives, that they might meet in unison in the Great Musical Society above.—This is but an inadequate comment on the worth of this Oration: we hope to see it soon in print, when it will gain from the lovers of the belles-lettres the eulogiums it merits.

Perhaps there were never seen so many people together in this town, where all appeared so well satisfied; and where such unanimous applause was given the performances—the tribute was warm, general and hearty—Great thanks are due Mr. FLAGG, for his attention, and the complaisant Mr. MAURICE, & the obliging messrs. LONGS, for their assistance, in the Musical exercises.—All was harmony; and a brilliant Ball graced the evening of the festive day.